20c JANUARY 8, 1951

New Republic

INSIDE RED CHINA

The first full story of life in China today by an expert recently returned

HAROLD L. ICKES *ON:*

EVERY MAN A PRESIDENT

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Why The New Republic Is Important to Me

A third place tie was declared by the Judges in The *New Republic's* letter contest. Following is the second of the two letters awarded Third Prize.

by Mrs. Carl E. Bushey

The *New Republic* is important to me because I am a housewife in an ultra-conservative middle western town where I have little access to new ideas of any kind. From my schooldays I always leaned toward the liberal viewpoint. But removed from the college towns of my younger days—where new ideas spread freely and were eagerly discussed, I soon fell into that state of apathy wherein I was satisfied to know who was running for office and felt quite smug because I did always vote. Yet something within me was quite dissatisfied when I found quite often I could not even conscientiously do a good job of voting—for the one side I got from the daily newspaper was not enough, I knew, for sound judgment. The *New Republic* helps me keep a good check on the administration and congress by giving voting records and timely articles with enough fair viewpoints that I can still make up my own mind.

And on foreign affairs a weekly report is even more essential. For while the newspapers report the news, I like to know what the people of Europe and the other countries are thinking and feeling. I get that from the *New Republic*—again from many different angles. With so many of our leaders —particularly the military—making much quoted speeches to the effect that we ought to start the next war—it is immensely comforting to pick up the *New Republic* and read that there are others besides myself who—while hating to the death the Russian peoples lack of freedom—still feel that there may be a hope for peace and that that hope is worth fighting for. Without the *New Republic* I might have given up hope within myself that man is good and can make a good world to live in if only he tries hard enough.

The *New Republic* has molded my reading choice still further by its excellent book reviews. And from the Musical and Theatrical columns I get a glimpse through the reviewer's eye of music and art which it is not usually my good fortune to see first hand.

A mind without stimulus can grow dull and unproductive. Just as a good argument or round table discussion can bring out the best in man's mind—so reading the *New Republic* each week makes me think—and that is an important thing to the world—making little people like me think—and care —what happens to this world of ours. That is why the *New Republic* is important to me.

Parsons, Kansas

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

A NEW YEAR, a new Congress, a new half-century—unlike our gloomy contemporaries we cannot take a wholly somber view. America which once rejected the League is today leading the world's first great action to resist aggression. Doubtless we have made mistakes and run risks, but, on balance, our moral position is creditable. This is to the good.

We feel the same about the big debate on foreign policy. America's temptation after MacArthur's setback was to plunge into Asia in blind rage and precipitate full-scale war. Common sense has rejected that course.

As the big debate continues, isolationism again rears its stupid head, wearing a tight Hoover collar. But every sign here in Washington indicates that that temptation is also being rejected. And that is to the good, too.

We feel rather guilty about Mr. Hoover. We have followed him for years (heard every speech he made in the '32 campaign), and we like him. But we have never been able to take him seriously. He has nearly always been despairing and nearly always wrong in a high-toned way. He opposed the vicious Smoot-Hawley tariff, but signed it—felt it useless to resist. He opposed sending troops to France in 1917, opposed it again in 1940; he opposes it now. Probably we are biased, but we cannot share the alarm over Hoover's speech. The public has not followed Hoover on anything yet. Button that collar on almost any cause, and it is lost.

All things are not to the good at mid-century. We find ourselves worrying about two in particular close at home. First is our absurd governmental system that can easily produce two years of stalemate and deadlock under the hair-line party division that now exists in the new Congress. Will it do so? We hope not. Generally, in times of great danger, we have avoided such deadlock. But any examination of our quaint institutions shows that a real danger exists.

Second is the new virus of McCarthyism running in our bloodstream. The essence of McCarthyism is mistrust. America has been able to lumber along for a century and a half because of one cardinal tenet: you could trust your neighbor. If you came to know your neighbor, it has been believed, you would find him to be a pretty good fellow. McCarthyism denies that. You must suspect your neighbor. You must fear and suspect everybody except reformed ex-Communists who have given testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee. Just what the critical point of this virus is for the body politic remains to be seen.

McCarthy, it now appears, has his own goon squad. A Baltimore printer named Fedder reveals it in Senate testimony. McCarthy engineered the successful Senatorial race of Republican John Butler in Maryland against Tydings. Fedder did most of Butler's printing, including distribution of a fake composite picture ostensibly showing Tydings chatting with Communist Earl Browder. Fedder received a letter of guaranty from Butler identifying himself with the campaign—a letter which Butler's friends later wanted withdrawn. Here is what happened according to Fedder: He was summoned to Washington, joined by Dan Surine, one of McCarthy's investigators, and two other men and was driven around from 1 a.m. to 6 a.m., November 6, while they demanded that he hand back the Butler letter. He was not subjected to direct violence, Fedder says, though at one point he was shoved into the car. Failing to get back the Butler letter, one of the men allegedly wrote out a self-incriminating police-type confession and required Fedder to sign it page by page. The presumed object was to invalidate Fedder's testimony if the Butler guaranty were ever revealed. Incidents like this strike a lively new note in

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Washington life; now all we need is somebody to burn down the Reichstag.

We take it for granted Truman will re-state his Fair Deal aims early in the new Congress and that the anti-Truman GOP-Dixiecrat coalition will promptly swallow them up for good. The situation is different on foreign affairs. Here, fortunately, a different alignment exists, and the majority coalition favors Truman-Acheson internationalism. There has been some reaction in Acheson's favor since the GOP official stab-in-the-back just prior to the Brussels meeting.

It seems certain also that Senate Democrats will choose Ernest McFarland (D, Ariz.) as their new majority leader. What is uncertain and of deep interest is the GOP choice for the party vacancy on the Foreign Relations Committee. Vandenberg more or less promised the job to internationalist Wayne Morse (R, Ore.) but Taft-Wherry regulars now want somebody from the Chicago *Tribune* belt. Our guess is that some compromise candidate will get the job whose accurately measured views are just half way between those of Vandenberg and Colonel McCormick.

Members of the President's Council of Economic Advisers under Leon Keyserling are sometimes referred to slightingly as "The Three Wise Men." Their newly-published annual report is wise, however, in one basic comment: there is no painless and easy way to check inflation by mandatory controls unless the inflationary spending gap is first removed by adequate taxation. It is surprising how few Congressmen really believe such taxation will be imposed. On the radio the other night we heard two powerful House members, Brown (R, Ohio) and Mansfield (D, Mont.) frankly admit the prospect of a "capital levy." By this they mean a budgetary deficit-producing inflation representing a concealed capital levy imposed on insurance, bonds, savings and old-fashioned thrift. The President's Council seems almost alone now in clinging to the pay-as-you-go thesis. They don't want another such capital levy as occurred in the last war which cut the value of every 10-year savings bank deposit almost in half.

Washington T. R. B.

CORRESPONDENCE

UC Ten Years from Now

SIR: Your readers may be interested in a letter I received a few days ago from a friend of mine who is a member of the faculty of the University of California. He says:

"If you hear of a teaching job in my field at any other university I'd appreciate it very much if you would let me know. Physically, I couldn't be more comfortable than I am here in California; but the loyalty oath has made me feel that I want to get out, if I possibly can."

My friend, I might add, is a non-political person, not in any sense leftwing and never under the slightest suspicion of radicalism. He signed the oath, and undoubtedly will sign anything else that he is asked to. When the chance comes, he will quietly leave UC and get a job somewhere else.

I wonder how many others like him there are on the faculty? I wonder whether the real harm of the loyalty-oath business won't show up 10 years from now, in a steadily deteriorating faculty, rather than in anything sudden and dramatic in the immediate future?

New York City WILSON K. WILSON

How to Help in Asia

SIR: I want to thank Michael Straight for writing and the *New Republic* for publishing so objective and sane an analysis of the problems in Asia and our relation to them ("How Can We Help Asia?", December 11). I want particularly to express my appreciation of the last paragraph or so in which he gave concrete examples of *how* the United States can use constructively young people who want to put their best into working for real peace.

Can't you extend the idea implicit in that description to insistence that such service be made, at the very minimum, an honorable alternative to military service for any young man who wants to construct rather than destroy and who has the qualifications necessary to be of real value in such work?

San Francisco, Calif. ISABEL G. BACHELS

Intellectual Freedom

SIR: In answer to the letter in the December 4 number of the *New Republic* with the heading "Los Angeles Censorship," may I say that it is not true that the Los Angeles high schools were ordered to remove from the library shelves all copies of *The Nation* and the *New Republic* and to lock them up.

It is true that a citizen has complained in a letter to a local newspaper that the *New Republic* is being used in the history and civic classes as a reference source for current affairs. M. G. Blair, assistant superintendent of schools in Los Angeles, answered that the *New Republic* is currently on the list of approved material for reference work in the schools. In view of the protest, Mr. Blair said he would require a re-examination of the magazine. When it was last examined, he said, no material of a communistic or subversive nature was found, nor was it antagonistic to religion.

As a member of the American Library Association Committee on Intellectual Freedom, I believe that information on all aspects of controversial questions should be available in school libraries and we hope that students will learn to evaluate sources of information and to detect propaganda as they study current affairs.

MARION HORTON
Librarian, Los Angeles City Schools

Los Angeles, Calif.

Why the West Fails in China

SIR: I agree with those who believe that with honesty and a sincere regard to help the people of China we could have won—and still can win—them over to our side. I don't think Foster Hailey is less an American when he says (in *Half of One World*): "If Asia becomes communistic as has Eastern Europe, it will not be because of Moscow or because of Russian machinations. It will be because the West has not lived up to its wartime promises. Communism will win by default because the people of Asia thought it the better way. . . ."

True, we don't want the Chinese to accept Communism, but what have we offered them instead? They reject the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek, yet we want to force his leadership upon them. From what I have read I learn that the few who might have led a middle-of-the-way course were "eliminated" by Chiang, or his actions forced them to join the Communists.

The Chinese people, I feel sure, do not want war with us. We could still win their friendship with an understanding, constructive policy. . . . Let us learn to see the yellow people for what they are—our equals. Let us learn to respect them as human beings.

Nothing in life is an accident. Effects are always the result of causes. What our world leaders sow we must reap. If war comes, it will not be because any people want it, but because the leaders of the world have failed them.

Canajoharie, N. Y. HARRY GAMBICHLER

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HAS THE UN A FUTURE?

THE UNITED NATIONS was busy last week moving into the first building of its handsome new group at Forty-second Street and Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, in New York City. Many members of the Secretariat worked 20 years ago with the League of Nations at Geneva. And as they toiled amid the welter of misdirected packing cases, unconnected telephones and lost files, they remembered how the construction of a handsome new palace for the League on the shore of Lake Geneva preceded by a grimly brief period the death of that world organization; and inevitably, some of them must have wondered whether the future of the UN was firm enough to justify the big gray-green glass and steel cubes overlooking the East River. The unspoken questions of course are: Is the UN breaking up over Korea? Could it survive another war?

Looking back over five and a half years of the life of the organization, we can now see that from the beginning there has been a division of opinion among the members as to the UN's function and ultimate purpose. On several important issues, the United States and Soviet Russia have been arrayed together against most of the other delegations. Although this country has recently modified its position substantially, in 1945 we agreed with Soviet Russia that the UN Assembly, where each power has equal status and one vote, should be only a debating society. Real power was to be vested, not in the Security Council but in a five-power minority of its total membership of eleven. These five are of course the victors in the Second World War; because each of them had the veto, the UN could take no important action of which any one of them disapproved. In other words, there was at San Francisco no real surrender of national sovereignty to the world organization. Only the accident of Russia's temporary boycott enabled the Security Council to move against the North Korean aggression.

Another tremendously important issue, on which the US and the USSR have disagreed with most of the rest of the world, has been the basis on which a country should be admitted to the UN. Most of its members have supported the almost universal doctrine in international law which applies to the recognition of one government by another: namely, that the government to be recognized shall actually exist, and shall control the territory it claims. The charter of the UN says that the qualification for membership shall be merely that a government is able and willing to fulfill the obligations it assumes. Soviet Russia, on the other hand, has consistently vetoed membership on the sole, grim basis of whether the interests of the Communist bloc could conceivably be retarded by such membership. The United States has not interfered so blatantly; but we have upheld our own unilateral doctrine that UN membership, like diplomatic recognition, should go only to countries of which we approve in a moral sense. The outstanding example, of course, is Communist China. While we finally got around to saying we would not veto her admission against the wishes of a majority of the eleven Council members, the other powers were sufficiently doubtful of our sincerity to postpone action. Then Communist China struck in Korea, and, from the point of view of many Americans, it was "too late."

As everyone knows by now, many non-Communist delegates to the UN do not believe that it is "too late." They are just as opposed to "appeasement" as we are; but they do not concede that the centuries-old principles of international law are suddenly invalidated by a single act of a single power. Admittedly, holding this attitude has been made tougher by the blunt demand of the Chinese Communists that they be admitted to the UN as part of the price for peace in Korea; but the spokesmen for these nations would say (if they would discuss the matter openly, which they will not) that principles are still principles, and are still valid as a guide to action.

Beyond this, numerous delegates have a conception of the function of the UN which seems to startle many Americans. They believe that ideally every nation in the world ought to be a member of the body, and should remain a member through thick and thin. They feel that the UN still represents the best and only amphitheatre for discussing international grievances. They feel moreover that the sort of questions that can be asked in UN meetings, the challenges that can be put, the accusations that can be made with the whole world listening, may have a substantial effect upon the foreign policy of a government, even a fanatical government. From this point of view American liberals have been as wrong in opposing the membership of Franco Spain as American conserva-

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tives have been in opposing the membership of Communist China, and for the same reason.

The UN delegates who hold this attitude are realistic men. They recognize that a nation might be a member of the UN and still go to war—as Russia did, for all practical purposes, in North Korea. The UN is now strong enough to stop a little war between little powers, assuming that the great powers in whom its strength lies wanted the little war stopped. It is too weak to do anything about a major war, which would inevitably engage some of its members on both sides.

Many UN officials strongly disagree with Secretary General Trygve Lie, who said the other day that the UN must win the war in Korea if it is to survive. Some of them believe that in terms of the realities of power politics, the whole Far Eastern situation should be resolved outside the UN, through conferences of the foreign ministers of the Big Four—the United States, Great Britain, France and Soviet Russia. As these men see it, the UN should not be called upon to end any sort of major conflict, since it was carefully and deliberately set up to be powerless in the event of such a conflict.

They believe, moreover, that if the worst should happen and we should be plunged into a third World War, the UN could and should survive. They feel that it is now conducting so many important enterprises all over the world, quite apart from the problem of keeping the peace, that "if it did not exist, it would have to be invented."

These officials are well aware that no one can predict the sort of world that might follow an atomic war. They are aware of the profound discouragement that would follow two successive unsuccessful efforts at world organization—even though these efforts, in both cases, were made by nations most of which did not really want peace badly enough at the time to sacrifice sovereignty for it. But, they argue, if this is the only road away from war, it must be pursued, no matter how long and hard.

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

THE BONFIRE lit under Secretary Acheson by isolationists, interventionists, China lobbyists, capital kibitzers and assistant Presidents of various kinds is blazing merrily away. The only problem is to find a new Secretary of State with the qualifications to win the confidence of these head-hunters and, therefore, of the nation.

Here are a few of the qualifications of any new Secretary:

He must reject the foolish notion that Harry Truman was elected President.

And he must end confusion in the Administration by functioning as part of a well-knit executive team.

He must agree that the State Department is a nest of Communists and perverts.

And he must win the confidence of the State Department and raise its morale.

He must cut off all exports of armaments and aid to our allies.

And he must see to it that our allies have the will to stand up and fight.

He must repudiate the bankrupt policy of containment of Russia.

And he must accept personal responsibility for preventing any further Soviet expansion.

He must withdraw all US forces to the Western Hemisphere.

And he must "ring Russia's borders with steel."

He must repudiate all our commitments to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the United Nations.

And he must restore the integrity and honor of the US.

He must turn 200 million Europeans over to the Russians.

And he must under no conditions appease Russia.

He must insist that the withdrawal from Korea led to the Communist invasion of Korea.

And he must insist that withdrawal from Europe will not lead to Communist invasion of Europe.

He must make it possible for Chiang Kai-shek to march to the borders of Tibet and Mongolia.

And he must never involve the US in action on the Eurasian mainland.

He must swear that Yalta was the greatest crime in history for granting the Russians rights in Manchuria.

And he must grant the Russians all of Asia and Western Europe.

He must turn over the conduct of foreign affairs to 96 Senators and 435 Representatives.

And he must ensure that this country speak to the world with one voice.

These are a few of the qualifications of our Secretary of State. A mere man could not measure up to them, but a mirror, hung in the Secretary's office might suffice. As in Snow White, each head-hunter could stand before it with a confident smile and ask:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall
Who is the fairest one of all?"

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THE WEEK

UN AND KOREA

UN HEADQUARTERS (NR correspondent)

The UN General Assembly, with all its activities adjourned except the Political Committee, continued last week to cling to the efforts of its cease-fire committee. It did so in the face of Communist China's flat rejection of its proposal, and only because no other course, at the moment, seemed to offer any hope at all. At the end of the week, the 13 Asiatic nations which had inspired the original effort to mediate were still at work (reduced to 12 by the elimination of the Philippines), hoping to bring about action by the Big Four powers; but no one could offer any very good reason why Communist China would have changed its mind because of the passage of a week's time.

The most eagerly read news dispatches in UN circles were those from Korea, since it was felt that the military situation must be brought into somewhat better balance before the Communists will listen to any suggestion other than their own, which the United States so decisively rejects. UN observers were glad to note that the plight of their forces in Korea did not seem quite so disastrous as it had a fortnight earlier, and that complete evacuation of the peninsula had apparently been postponed to some later, unspecified, date. The majority sentiment remained what it had been since the beginning of our reverses: that while it is impossible to oppose openly the position of the United States, which is carrying 90 percent of the burden, this country is somewhat unrealistic, in view of the military situation, in refusing to open negotiations with the Chinese Communists until the fighting has been suspended, and in refusing to discuss the neutralization of Formosa (which was a unilateral action of the US) or admission of the Chinese Communists to the UN, which many leading powers had favored long before the fighting began in Korea.

The UN officials read with great interest dispatches from the Far East arguing that a serious split was developing between Peiping and Moscow, that Russia has been pushed out of the picture in North Korea and that Mao may be moving toward Titoism. One comment that is made is that if such an important development is only being reported now, months and years after its beginning, something is terribly wrong with our intelligence services. Another comment is that nothing could be more dangerous than wishful thinking about something which might weaken the enemy and that, on the contrary, all our plans should be made on the assumption that no such happy development is likely.

WORLD FEDERATION

Several organizations which profess to be the most patriotic flag-wavers have banded together against the concept of world federation through a strong United Nations. The Veterans of Foreign Wars are waging an American Sovereignty Campaign designed to persuade state legislatures to repeal world-federation resolutions. Seventeen states have passed one or more pro-world federation resolutions. Last year, due to the lobbying activities of VFW and the Daughters of the American Revolution, attempts were made in eight states to repeal world-federalist resolutions. California, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Rhode Island repudiated the resolutions, but Maine, Maryland and Virginia defeated the moves to repeal.

Opponents of strong world organization have had a single goal: to defeat any meaningful participation by the United States in the UN. The DAR wrote Congress that world government "will subordinate the sovereignty of the United States. . . ."

Actually, the stand of the VFW and the DAR plays into the hands of Gerald L. K. Smith who, in his organ *The Cross and the Flag*, declared that the UN is a "filthy machine of propaganda and conspiracy and alien activity."

RAILROAD TROUBLE AGAIN?

Presidential Assistant John R. Steelman's announcement of a three-year settlement between the railroads and the unions proves to have been premature and erroneous. The impression created by Mr. Steelman in the press conference he called after a 25-hour session with management and labor representatives was that permanent agreement had been reached. In fact, the constitutions of the four railway unions involved all required that any contract entered into by union officers must be approved by the general chairmen elected locally. The chances are that the local chairmen of at least three of the four Brotherhoods will vote to reject the settlement.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has already turned down the Steelman contract. The Brotherhood of Enginemen and Firemen is expected to follow suit on January 4. The conductors seem certain to vote down the contract at their meeting on January 7. The roadmen on the railroads feel that the 10-cents-per-hour increase guaranteed to them under the proposed settlement is not enough, in view of the fact that they have had no raise in pay since 1948, while other unions have won as much as 32 cents per hour in increases for their members during that period. Both roadmen and yardmen dislike the idea of a three-year freeze, as provided in the proposed contract, allowing only for pay adjustments to match rises in the government's cost-of-living index. All the Brotherhoods object to the fact that Steelman has written himself into the new contract as permanent arbiter of any disputes arising under it.

By announcing that a settlement of the railroad dispute had been achieved, when in fact it had not, Steelman is guilty of deceiving the President and the public. If the unions, as expected, finally reject the proposed contract, the situation on the railroads will be back where it was when the government took possession of the lines last August 25.

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DEFENDING EUROPE

Eclipsed by the appointment of General Eisenhower, but significant for the long-range growth of Western unity, was the announcement at the Brussels Conference of the creation of a North Atlantic Defense Production Board to supervise the mobilization efforts of 12 countries. The board will displace the old NATO Military Production and Supply Board, which functioned like the combined boards of the last war on a consulting and co-operative basis, with an independent body of experts under one authority. The board will have an international staff who will make up a civil service independent of the individual governments. In theory it will be an advisory technical body to the NATO Defense Council, but its work will be so specialized that it will assume original powers.

The Defense Production Board, however, will only be a first step. A crucial need at the moment is a similar board to control the allocation of scarce world raw materials, a problem with which the Atlantic DPB will touch only marginally. The communiqué issued after the recent Truman-Attlee Washington conference gave the creation of such a body top priority. The National Security Resources Board is currently preparing plans for its creation. Unfortunately, the international control of raw materials will be hampered by the lack of strong domestic controls in many of the countries concerned. With the prices of such materials as rubber, wool, tin and cotton continuing their dizzy price spiral which has more than doubled their costs since the Korean War, unified procurement and allocation are essential if the economies of many of the participating countries are not to be taxed beyond their limits.

The basic approach in Atlantic economic planning was given by Secretary Acheson last May: "The North Atlantic community holds the world's greatest concentration of industrial and technical skills," he said, but: "the task of providing an adequate common defense and adequate standards of living is so large that waste and unnecessary duplication will prevent its accomplishment."

The setting of such a task for a national economy is challenging enough, but the attempt to co-ordinate the resources of 12 or more economies of differing degrees of development will present problems of which tariffs, monopolies, and entrenched interests of labor and business are only the more obvious.

Will a unified European army have uniform pay rates, or will the Americans again have the first call on "local resources" that so enraged the British Tommies during the Italian campaign? Will copper be allowed to go into television sets for American workers or for electric wiring in France or Italy? Will US cotton be stockpiled in this country or released so that our allies can buy it for fewer ECA or MDP dollars? On the answers to these and similar problems will hinge the viability of NATO, and the strength and effectiveness of the Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers in Europe.

REPEAL THE McCARRAN ACT

The National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Act, composed of 32 outstanding educators and churchmen, has joined the CIO and the American Civil Liberties Union in active opposition to the new Subversives Control Act. The organization was formed from among the 1,900 leading Americans who urged defeat of the McCarran bill last fall. Its sponsors include John B. Thompson, dean of the University of Chicago's Rockefeller Memorial Chapel, John Mackey, president of Princeton Theological Seminary, Thomas Mann, author and Nobel Prize winner, Methodist Bishop James C. Baker and Zechariah Chafee Jr. of Harvard University.

Speaking for the committee last week, Thompson charged that, "The hysteria and intimidation the law has evoked in the two months since its passage have strengthened the opposition of those who were against its passage and have opened the eyes of many who were not fully aware of the dangers of such repressive legislation. . . . We are convinced that the American people realize that the preservation of the Bill of Rights is their responsibility and that they will therefore join with us in demanding the repeal of this infamous act."

Thompson cited the recent Supreme Court ruling—that the Constitution gives a witness "the privilege of remaining silent" when questioned about the Communist Party or his connection with it—as offering hope to those who favor repeal of the McCarran Act. The 8 to 0 ruling, handed down December 11, said in effect that witnesses before a grand jury cannot be forced to divulge their Communist connections if they plead self-incrimination. The Communist Party is expected to use this to back its claim that the McCarran Act's registration provisions are unconstitutional.

CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN

The new Senate is about to begin the job of cleaning up after one of the dirtiest elections in American history. The Senate Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections reports a record number of complaints about irregular election methods and excessive campaign expenditures. Serious charges have been preferred in about half of the 32 Senate races held this year. The final report which will be issued in about one month is expected to contain recommendations for drastic revision of the $5,000 ceiling on individual campaign contributions and other abused provisions of the present law.

The use of "defamatory and scurrilous literature" was a recurrent problem last November. At the Democratic caucus on January 2, Sen. Clinton Anderson (D, N. Mex.) led an incensed group in protest against the use of a composite photograph, manufactured by the Washington *Times-Herald*, picturing Communist Earl Browder conferring with Sen. Millard Tydings, which was circulated throughout Maryland by Senator-elect John M. Butler who defeated Tydings. "Unless we can find some way to stop the use of such false literature in campaigns," one Senator said, "we will soon find it general practice. And in the next campaign, perhaps there will be a picture of Taft lolling on a Miami Beach with bathing beauties, or McCarthy emerging from a stage door with a chorus girl."

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OUTSIDE AMERICA

Western European defense is obviously a top priority for 1951. It may well turn out to be *the* task of the year —if as long as a year remains for solving the defense problems of the West. Naturally, therefore, the top Americans in Europe are talking about ways and means of carrying out the task.

Ambassador Milton Katz, who as head man of the Economic Co-operation Administration in Europe ranks high among US policy spokesmen, has gone on record as believing that the basic cause of Europe's continuing weakness is lack of productivity. Few Europeans would disagree with Katz's view that Europe must do "a better job of combining men, money, machinery, materials and time so as to produce and distribute more goods with the same amount of effort."

Katz knows, however, that in addition to the economic and technological there are other causes of European weakness. These include the political, the social, the moral. He said recently in a speech in Paris:

> We must together find the means to make Germany a dependable and respected member of the community of free Europe. . . . Conditions must be established under which the disaffected elements among the workers of France and Italy will regain belief in the society of which they are a part and retrieve their trade unions from the grip of Communism. And throughout, there must be kept alive for the men and women of the free world a vision of the future which these efforts are designed to achieve —peace with justice and freedom, steady jobs and decent standards of living, and the opportunity for each individual to realize to the full his mysterious potentialities for growth as a human being.

If these are "musts"—and European Atlanticists agree that they may be—the criticism of Katz's statement, and others like it, is that American policy does not do the job of combining American wish-fulfillments with European possibilities so as to produce an effectively co-ordinated Atlantic balance.

Katz said we "must" solve the German problem. But the London *Times*, which agrees with him in theory, called attention to the "extreme depression" caused in Germany by the American (Spofford) compromise plan for a German contribution to European defense. "The political mood," it wrote, "is one of almost undisguised cynicism." And the London *Observer*, an equally staunch supporter of Atlanticism, wrote:

> The time has come to face the fact that, under present conditions, the Germans are not willing to make their necessary contribution to European defense. . . . The reluctance to rearm comes not from the leaders, but from the ordinary Germans who would have to carry arms. . . . Large numbers of West Germans are so demoralized that they may prove unwilling to defend their freedom and ours.

Katz said we "must" remove the conditions making for the disaffection of French and Italian workers—basically, low standards of living, social injustice and the feeling that the high hopes of 1945 for changes in the social structure have been betrayed. But leaders of labor and of the anti-Communist Left in France and Italy are already restless about the effects of rearmament. They fear the consequences of the warning of Sir Edmund Hall-Patch of the Organization for European Economic Co-operation that Western Europe's standard of living must now be lowered to meet the rearmament programs getting under way. "The levels of rearmament," Sir Edmund pointed out, "cannot be achieved without a step back in the ordinary civilian level."

Despite Katz and other American spokesmen, the problem of transforming Europe's continuing weakness into some kind of dependable strength in 1951 is not that of lack of productivity, or for that matter, anything in the area of technological economics. Even if the Atlantic Army gets the cadres and all the material it needs (which is unlikely), German Gen. Heinz Guderian may be right in warning that it may turn out to be the Maginot Line of World War III. Defense is the wrong keynote for Europe in 1951 because too many Europeans have too little to defend; and whether Americans are willing to believe it or not, the fact is that for Europeans (as the *Figaro* says) freedom is not enough.

On the other hand, there is a chance to find or to create among Europeans the mainsprings of the kind of faith that leads to action. It is too late, in 1951, to give them what they might be willing to fight to defend—except perhaps in the case of the Germans; it is not too late to give them the chance to fight for something which they do *not* have *now*. In some areas of European society—the working classes, for example—the need is for really tangible and dependable assurance that victory in a third World War will win what World War II and the struggle against reaction and Fascism are supposed to have won last time, and didn't. In other areas, the need is for some promise of restoration of what was risked and lost in World War II—national power and independence.

The problem of the psychological bases of sound Western European rearmament has been made acute by the Asiatic situation. James Reston of the New York *Times* is quite right in pointing out that "there is something of a rebellion within the Western coalition against the past United States policy in the Far East." The reason is that American boldness in Asia has had a sound American basis, but not an equally sound European basis. No Englishman, no Frenchman, no Hollander, no European believes that Asia can be won back for Europe, although many recognize that it can conceivably be won back for America. In Asia, the UN has, from the European viewpoint, seemed very close to the US; and under the circumstances, the foundations of support for the UN in Europe have been hurt. Resistance to aggression is a formula which also is not enough for the Europeans when the circumstances suggest, on the one hand, that successful resistance will practically benefit America but not Europe, and, on the other hand, that fighting to save Asia *for America* will expose Europe to destruction. PERCY WINNER

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INSIDE COMMUNIST CHINA

by "L. C."

CHINESE COMMUNISM is to be condemned not for its economic reforms, which are often excellent in themselves, but for what it does to the mind and spirit of man. The Kuomintang in its brutality killed men's bodies; Communism kills their spirits. It calls light darkness and darkness light, and says, "Evil, be thou my good." Communist terror is so subtle, so insidious, yet so powerful, that instead of driving men to rebellion it drives them to suicide.

Chinese Communism establishes a system in which the individual does not count at all. A man must have no activity apart from group activity, no mind apart from the group mind. In schools and universities group examinations and group marking are the fashion. In the former case a group of students work together, then select one of their number to take the examination, and his mark becomes the mark of the whole group. A student said to me, "In future all great works of art, novels, plays, poems, will no longer be the work of a genius like Shakespeare, but the product of the group mind."

Nonconformity is regarded with horror. Everyone must want to march in the streets, dance the "yang ko," attend political lectures; and to say "I don't feel like it" or "I'm not interested" is a sign of reaction which must be suppressed. Thought control is taken for granted, and both the intellectual and the worker must continually reveal their thoughts to the authorities, through the writing of their life story, questionnaires and self-analysis to show that they are assimilating the correct doctrines.

Nothing may be done without official permission; a man must visit the police station to obtain permission to change his residence, go on a vacation, visit a friend for a night or hold a meeting. His house may be searched day or night; he is regularly visited by the police, who ask the same endless questions about his family, religion, income and all the details of his past life. Such things are bitterly resented, and this regimentation takes the zest and savor out of life.

Bureaucracy is inevitable in such a system, and millions of officials are needed to carry out the work of administration and direct the people's lives. Recruited mainly from the student class, they genuinely believe they are acting in the people's interests, and that they know what the people ought to do, so they have no hesitation in interfering with and ordering their lives. The people regard them as alien intruders, and in some country districts the deep resentment of the local population has resulted in the murder of officials. Great jealousy exists between different ranks and zones of the bureaucracy, and a simple request may be held up for months while different levels and areas wrangle as to whose responsibility it is.

One of the gravest charges against the system is that it is shot through and through with hypocrisy, that by its very nature it results in hypocrisy. When conformity is the price of a job and security, then all will conform. The number of "rice Communists" far exceeds that of "rice Christians." Outright persecution of suspect or unreliable persons has not been necessary, because the threat of unemployment and starvation is a more powerful weapon. Teachers, clergymen and others in public life join in hurling abuse at America, in praising Russia, in extolling the virtues of Communism, in signing Communist manifestos, when many of them privately do not believe a word of what they are saying. It is impossible to know a man's real opinions unless you get him privately in his own room, and even then he will not dare to speak unless he is talking to a trusted friend. The Communists themselves admit that many opportunists have joined the party, but the whole regime leads to opportunism, hypocrisy and lying.

Great play is made of the "voluntary system." People "voluntarily" buy Victory Bonds, work longer hours, take wage reductions, attend political lectures, when in fact the strongest form of compulsion is exercised. Soldiers of official organizations never seize property as the Kuomintang did; they always ask most politely if they may use it, but it is quite impossible to say no.

Obsessed with planning for and creating a new civilization, the Communists are utterly indifferent to the suffering it may entail for individuals. They view with equanimity the elimination of whole classes; not only have landlords and capitalists been stripped of all they possess, but shopkeepers and merchants, who with trade at a standstill have found it impossible to continue paying wages and heavy taxes, are not allowed to close down

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This is the first of a series of four articles on life inside Communist China, by a European who recently left that country. His identity must be concealed. The second article will deal with the organization of the new Chinese Government, the treatment of capitalists, and the situation of the peasant. These articles are published by arrangement with the Manchester "Guardian" and the Baltimore "Sun."

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until all they have, including house and furniture, has been sold to keep the business open; only when they have been stripped of all their possessions are they allowed to put up the shutters. All relationships must be on a class basis, and kindly feeling or friendship for an individual in the "oppressing" class must be sternly suppressed.

What Communism does to a man may be illustrated by an individual case. All organizations find it wise from time to time to institute a purge, to accuse someone of being a reactionary in order to keep the others toeing the line. Whether the individual really is reactionary is quite beside the point; what matters is the effect it will have on the rest. One of the national universities carried out such a purge. They selected a student, a friend of mine, who was almost on the point of graduating, who had been guilty of no single act of opposition to the regime, who was perfectly harmless, but who did not like the Communists and had been foolish enough to say so to some of his friends. For two days he was questioned in a manner which only those who have experienced it can understand, and then had to face, alone and defenseless, the whole body of students and staff, to listen for hours to angry denunciatory speeches, to the concerted cries of the students for stern punishment, and finally to his public expulsion from the university. Professors in the audience were his friends and knew he was innocent, but they dare not speak a word for him; he was found guilty not of spying or actively opposing the government, but merely of having reactionary thoughts.

No punishment was imposed upon him, but his life was ruined. Immediately after his expulsion he came to my home, wild with terror, mind and spirit utterly crushed. "I'll believe anything, I'll say anything, if only they will let me alone," he sobbed. But it was too late. I could not help him; I was warned that it was extremely dangerous to be seen talking to him. No Chinese dare help him; he had not the slightest hope of finding a job. He was afraid to return to his home in the country, so he went south and was smuggled over the border into Hongkong, where, after wandering homeless and starving on the streets, he was admitted to a refugee camp for Nationalist soldiers, and there he still is, with no future whatever.

The Chinese can see no hope for the future—no hope except the third World War. While the rest of the world talks of it with fear and anxiety, the Chinese eagerly await it, praying that it may break out soon. Every incident between Russia and America is hailed with joy as bringing it one step nearer.

The appeal of Communism. In spite of all this, to underestimate the power and attraction of Communism in Asia is a fundamental mistake. Western propaganda which continually harps on the theme of Russian imperialism and aggression is very wide of the mark. It was not Russian imperialism which threw China into the arms of Moscow but the awful corruption and inefficiency of the Kuomintang, coupled with the great attraction of Communism.

Communism's achievements have been truly amazing. The collapse of the Kuomintang came so much more quickly than anyone expected that the Communists found themselves faced with the task of governing 450 million people long before their plans had been completed. Men who came from remote rural areas, who for years had been hounded from place to place, suddenly found themselves in control of great cosmopolitan cities like Shanghai. Everyone laughed at the ignorance and backwardness of these country bumpkins! Many of them did not know how to use electricity or flush toilets, trying to light their cigarettes from the light bulbs and drawing water for use in the kitchen from the lavatory pan; refrigerators were taken for radio transmitters; even quite recently a Chinese traveler had great difficulty in persuading the police who searched his baggage that his portable typewriter was not a transmitting set. Men with no business experience were placed as supervisors in banks, factories and government organizations. The story was told of one Communist who, sent to balance the books in a bank, began by asking for a pair of scales and proceeded to weigh them.

But how quick they were to learn! Freely admitting their own ignorance, they ordered the old set of officials to continue their work while they learned from them, and soon they had a firm grip of city problems and government. Quick to realize their own mistakes and to effect a complete change of policy when necessary, they have proved themselves capable and efficient administrators, and China today has a far more efficient government than any since the revolution of 1911.

There is truth in their claim to be able to create "new men." To have enlisted the support of thousands of students who are willing to accept any kind of work, to go where they are told and receive only a bare subsistence, is no small achievement. They have swept away the corruption which had seeped into every part of life and established honesty in public administration. Taxes do go into the government coffers and result in an improvement of public services and a lessening of inflation. To have stopped the inflation which has gone on continuously since 1937 and to have created confidence in the currency while still maintaining an Army and Civil Service of over 10 million men and fighting the Nationalist blockade is not the work of ignoramuses and bunglers.

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There is still a huge army of soldiers and bureaucrats to be supported, but since they live on a subsistence level the cost is negligible when compared with the depredations of Nationalist officials. There is no evidence that the Communists are corruptible, and it is impossible not to admire the old Communists who have behind them the Long March and years of danger and suffering who are the surviving remnant of a larger army and who now with singleness of purpose carry out the policy they forged in the wilderness.

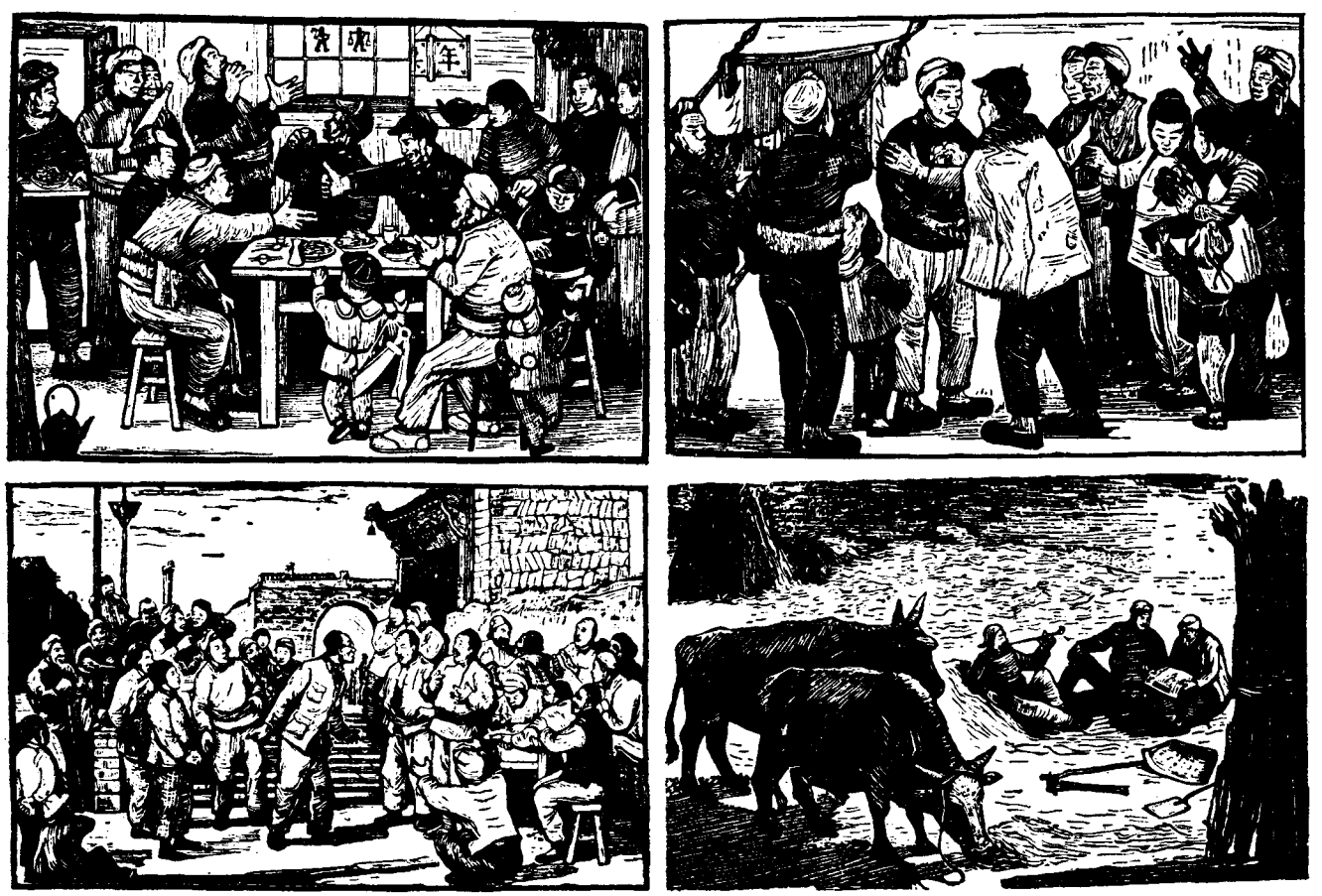
The Army is disciplined, well behaved and contented. Soldiers do not ill-treat the people. They pay the shopkeepers for their supplies and they pay their fares when traveling in public vehicles, something the Kuomintang was never able to enforce. As far as possible they grow their own food supplies, and one of the first things they do is to dig the ground and plant vegetables in every inch of waste land.

Completely fanatical as a result of their long indoctrination, absolutely sure of the approaching victory of world Communism, the soldiers are first-rate fighting material and a formidable enemy to any nation, as the Americans have found in Korea.

It is probably true to say that the country as a whole is more unified and peaceful than at any time since 1911. Generalization is dangerous because there are areas where there is still strong opposition to Communist rule, notably in Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Kweichow, Yunnan and Szechuan, wild mountainous regions which have always been difficult to tame. In these provinces travel is dangerous, and on the roads between Kunming, Kweiyang, Kweilin, Chungking and Chengtu trucks dare not travel without military escort or in convoys of less than a hundred. But it is still true that there is less banditry or local disturbance than before, and in most places travel is safer.

Face, fate and favor, those old evils which, as described by Lin Yutang, have corrupted Chinese life, are being ruthlessly exterminated. A man, who has been dragged through the ordeal of an accusation, meeting and public confession can have no face left; passive acceptance of fate has given way to belief in the inevitable victory of Communism; influence and family position no longer count. Chinese society is being cleansed of much that weakened and impoverished it.

A sense of purpose and high destiny has replaced the old aimlessness and lack of self-confidence. The people



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Communist wood engravings: Top left, a New Year's party for the troops. Top right, the return of a labor hero. Bottom left, a People's Judge adjudicating dispute. Bottom right, encouraging peasants to read a newspaper.

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have something to strive for; they are told that their present distresses are not meaningless or enduring, but the birth-pangs of a new social order where there will be no more poverty or suffering. They feel that China can no longer be ignored in world affairs and treated as a semi-colonial country; instead of lagging behind she is now in the vanguard of world progress, with powerful allies who will not let her down. The oldest living civilization has become a pioneer of the new civilization which is being born.

A new pattern of life. "A heap of loose sand" was how Sun Yat-sen described his countrymen. On this country, with its emphasis on family life, on face and traditional courtesy, a new way of life is now being imposed, which if successful will sweep away every trace of Chinese customs and manners. It is a dedicated life like that of the monk. Communists are noted for their simplicity and austerity. They seem to take pride in being as untidy and slovenly as possible; the girls very successfully hide every trace of feminine charm, and so far they have shown few signs of being influenced by city manners. The graces and courtesies of life are scorned as bourgeois habits; however solemn or important a meeting may be, the Communist speaker will stand before the audience wearing the cap which he never takes off and smoking incessantly as he delivers his speech.

Communists and all those who work in the ever-growing bureaucracy receive only a subsistence allowance. Whatever they get out of their position, it is certainly not money. Observers have been looking for signs of corruption. Such matters as have come to light are not very serious. The gravest charge I have heard is that officials wear silk underwear beneath their cotton uniforms. They live a group life, many of them having severed all relations with their families; indifferent to sex, men and women often sleep in the same dormitories; disciplined, obedient, they form a distinct type with no individuality of their own. This group life extends to the realm of thought through the group meeting and the weapon of criticism and self-criticism. The group meeting, in Chinese literally "investigation-discussion," is the means by which faults are corrected and deviations checked. Daily they review their own and their comrades' conduct; accusations of incorrect behavior or thinking are encouraged; then all is measured by the yardstick of Marxism-Leninism. Students seriously bring to the group their love affairs, and the group decides whether in each particular case marriage would be compatible with serving the cause.

The Communist accepts this new way of life voluntarily. What of the others? A way of life, such as that of the monk, however excellent when chosen voluntarily, becomes tyranny when it is imposed on others by force. But that is what is happening in China. All must learn to conform to this new pattern of life.

Meetings for political study loom large in everyone's life. Workers in the factory, doctors in hospitals, teachers, bank clerks, people in every trade and profession are required to spend two hours a day in the study of Marxism. Free discussion of the principles of Marxism is, of course, not allowed; these are taken as axiomatic truths. Political meetings are of inordinate length, and a Communist official commonly speaks for three hours, repeating the same elementary ideas over and over again, and interlarding his speech with copious quotations from Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao. Educated people find them boring and distasteful, but the Communists have used this method among the peasants during their years in the country.

One technique much used as a means of discipline and to correct faults is that of public confession. Any trouble in school, factory or government office is fully ventilated in the newspapers; people write frank criticisms of the actions of the headmaster, manager or official concerned, and when the matter has been aired for a suitable length of time a groveling apology is published from the offending person. It is a favorite method of the police, and every newspaper daily carries many advertisements expressing regret for the infringement of regulations, gratitude to the police for kindly pointing out their errors, and a promise never to do it again.

Workers are urged to greater production by Socialist competition. Output per man is analyzed, and labor heroes are awarded decorations as a spur to others. Often a Communist enthusiast in a factory will set a pace which others cannot emulate and thus cause excessive strain. Communist officials themselves work at such a pace and under such a strain that health breakdowns and early death are common.

In the new pattern of life family ties count for little. Children turn against their families and write to the newspapers denouncing their parents for their bourgeois way of life. Few men can now earn enough to support a family, and the Communists deliberately break family life by sending husband and wife to work in different places. They never employ a man in the area of his own home but send him to some distant part of the country.

The greatest practical interference with the people's lives is the system of police control. Every person is registered with the police, has his identity card, and he may not stay a single night away from home without police permission. The police regularly inspect every house to check on the residents, often coming in the middle of the night to search the house. Anyone found

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staying there without permission spends the rest of the night in the police station and then has to publish an apology in the newspaper. These measures enable the police to keep a strict check on the population, and have helped to reduce crime as well as make it impossible to carry out reactionary activities, but such interference with daily life is intolerable and causes much grumbling.

One cannot but be impressed by the seriousness and sense of purpose in life which is absent in democratic countries. All things must be made to serve one purpose —the creation of a truly Communist society. Literature is valuable only as it deals with social problems; the stage has become a vehicle for the propagation of Communism; Russian films are extolled for their revolutionary virtue as compared with the inanities of Hollywood. Even the songs and dances which have been such a feature of this revolution have a seriousness which is rather frightening. Liberation sent the children and students out into the streets, singing revolutionary songs, "Mao Tse-tung is our Sun," and dancing the "yang ko," the song of rice-planting. This latter is an exceedingly simple folk-dance, accompanied by the monotonous beating of drums and cymbals, and it became the fashion for students to rise at dawn and perform it for hours before breakfast. The din to those who want to sleep is appalling, and the continuous noise has shattered many nerves. Monster parades with flaming torches, banners, pictures of the Communist saints, bands, are organized for special occasions such as Red Army Day, the anniversary of the Russian Revolution, and so on.

Teachers and students know it is expedient to take part in these things, or the consequences might be serious. Most people are by now completely indifferent to them, and the sight of irresponsible young students dressed up in peasant costume, faces daubed with paint, dancing the rice-planting song in the city streets does not impress the toiling masses. As one old lady remarked: "I do not need students to teach me how to plant rice with their one step forward, two steps backward. I've known how to do it all my life."

A DROP TO DRINK

by A. G. Mezerik

"A RIVER is more than an amenity; it is a treasure." When Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes made this observation in one of his court decisions, most of our rivers still shone like diamonds, limpid, pure and crystal clear. In those treasures were the guarantees of an expanding economy and a healthful nation. The picture has menacingly changed now, and has been brought to the country's attention in a 455-page volume called "A Water Policy for the American People," the first report of the President's Water Resources Policy Commission.

Only in business for a year, this commission (headed by Morris L. Cooke, a great dissenter and one of America's towering figures in the conservation of all resources, including man) has brought us a realization of how desperate our plight is as to our water supplies and a prescription to rectify the catastrophe which faces us.

The commission has attempted to answer the question of whether America—without taking drastic steps as to its water supplies—can count on a great future. They have given every aspect of that question serious consideration and answered it with an emphatic "no" unless we embark on a program which will conserve our water supplies and expand them by full-scale river-valley and regional development, as a cardinal plank in our national policy.

As the commission saw it (and in sharp contrast with the factional bickering of the Hoover Commission, this one was unanimous in all its conclusions), the segments of a job such as the Missouri Valley development, which needs doing if America's future is to be assured, are anything but humdrum so-called public-works projects, planned by bookish individuals who think nothing of increasing your taxes. Nor have they seen the parts of the big job dictated by the country's necessity as bonanzas for contractors whose huge creations—dams and power stations—awe the spectator but are entirely without relationship to him. In the eyes of this commission "adequate water supply" is an individual thing, intimately personal and essential to all. "Adequate water supply" has a direct relationship to the glass of water which you drink and to much else equally essential to you personally.

The commission ranged the country to see these relationships. It found them in New York City's water shortage of last year. It perceived them in rain-making enterprises in the arid West. These are newer manifestations. The commission was equally aware of long-standing evils which affect most Americans. Morris L. Cooke, himself a Philadelphian, has long been familiar with the effects of bad water management in that city. The malodorous smell of Philadelphia rivers, the

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curious and unappetizing taste of its water, are both the result of pollution, a condition which afflicts many cities.

Sixty-three hundred American communities, with populations of over 50 million people, still dump their disease-laden sewage into our rivers. To this vicious pollution is added that which comes from industrial waste dumped into rivers. The commission was cognizant of the fact that our society contains many individuals who demand the private right to do public damage over all other rights. These interests persist in polluting our rivers despite the hazards to health and the insults to nose and eye which result.

Though concerned with the hazards involved in the pollution of water for drinking and bathing, the commission, seeing the individual whole, also made a connection between water supply and recreation. They make the point that sooner, rather than later, every American must learn that if he and his children are to prosper and enjoy life he must watch over the nearby sources of his water—and his vigilance is also essential to his family's security when the waters are seemingly remote.

This, as the commission points out, is especially true when it concerns ground water, which is declining ominously in many areas across the country. The direct source of most California water is underground. Year by year that underground water table falls to more dangerous levels. Some irrigation wells have gone dry already; some draw only salt water, ruinous to the soil. In many places the fall in the water table is so great that the cost of pumping the water has become prohibitive. California is one of our great suppliers of fresh fruits and canned goods. The individual feels the effect of diminishing stores of underground water in California on his table.

In Philadelphia, in New York, in California and in all the country in between, everyone is personally involved. When the stores of underground water are depleted, when its purity is degraded, when it, by flood or erosion which could be avoided by good water management, becomes destructive, play, work and health are jeopardized. That presently is the situation. To change it, the commission has set down a working program and the outline for a national water policy.

The prescription which the commission has written for solving this basic problem comes back inevitably to over-all developments, such as the TVA. Adding a "go slow" to its advice that 10 great river valleys be developed along lines pioneered in the Tennessee Valley, the commission's basic recommendation is that we be guided in our water policy by the conception of "one river, one plan." They have dealt exhaustively with the physical requirements of "one river, one plan." Just as importantly, they have considered the impact of integrated river valley development on human beings.

Fully aware of the fact that the river dictates the life of an area and dominates its culture, all the efforts of the commission are designed to tie valley development together with the ribbon of a truly creative standard of living—of burdens eased with hydro-created electricity, better farming, including irrigation when necessary, renewed forests, true wilderness areas, navigation and a steady supply of pure water.

The commission has recommended the legislation, administration, law and expenditures to carry out this concept. They make the very significant point that when, as in the Tennessee Valley, per capita income is raised as a result of government expenditures, the pressure on the federal budget for health, education and a variety of other services is lightened. These savings, while they do not show in a bookkeeping system, represent dollars just the same.

Good sense and sound policy are most certainly the keynotes of the commission's report—but those two admirable qualities will not, of themselves, guarantee that the commission will have an easy row to hoe. Already the voices of opposition are being heard. They are the old familiar enemies of the TVA, the MVA and of the extension of public power generally. If the commission's recommendations survive the first cold blasts, they will increasingly become the targets of the private utility companies, the steel and the oil companies and the US Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers—all of the old guard with vested interests in scarcity. Inside government, the Corps of Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation will use their own not inconsiderable might to keep the commission's recommendations in the paper stage. And to complicate matters, the more precious conservationists have been heard from, the brand of conservationists who are so much addicted to local planning that they expend their energy opposing all other kinds of planning, never achieving anything on their piece-meal own.

Morris Cooke, Leland Olds, Paul S. Burgess, Lewis W. Jones, Samuel Morris, Roland R. Renne and Gilbert F. White have, in this first of the three volumes to be issued by the Water Resources Policy Commission, done more than start a fight. They have set down ideas which will influence American conservation policies for years to come. "Every human enterprise is the mixture of a little bit of humanity, a little bit of soil and a little bit of water." The "little bit of water" on which so much of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness depends is finally getting the attention it needs and deserves.

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HAS THE WEST THE WILL TO WIN?

by A. Powell Davies

"If TOTAL war comes," said the lady who sat beside me at dinner, "it will not matter who wins or who loses. There will be nothing worth saving."

She had said precisely what the Communists want to hear. If, on our side, we are persuaded that war is the ultimate evil, leaving nothing worth saving, we have already surrendered to the Communists. To win the struggle, we must at least believe that victory is better than defeat, and that it is our civilization, not theirs, which has a rightful claim upon the future.

But is this claim a sound one? There are those who believe—often without saying so openly—that Western civilization is in decline, that nothing we can do can save it, that it has lost the power to survive. They look at our dissensions, our irresolution, our depleted moral energies, our obsession with prosperity, our political ineptitude, our triviality, staleness, mediocrity, escapism, and—as the urgency grows—our "too-little-too-late-ism."

Others are more morbidly affected. They do not really regret the coming debacle—at least until it is physically imminent. They make it the excuse for moral apathy, for debilitated principles, for debauched convictions. Like Edna Millay's Richardo, in "Conversation at Midnight," they have been suggesting ever since the late twenties that we give up the fight.

> Let us abdicate now; let us disintegrate quietly
> here, convivially imbibing
> The pleasanter poisons.

The general populace, however, finds it more difficult to absorb these possibilities. Until the last few years, only philosophers, historians and a few of the sophisticated have really accepted the fact that civilizations die. Yet, those of the past have all proved mortal. What of our own? Is it true that civilizations, like individual living creatures, have a natural life-span which in due course comes to an end, and that ours must, too? Popular opinion has only recently begun to see it as a possibility. Whatever might have been the natural lot of earlier civilizations, our own seemed more enduring.

But what basis was there for this optimism? Did not the citizens of earlier civilizations think the same? To the Romans, Rome was the eternal city—as it was, indeed, to the entire Roman Empire. A century after it had fallen, there were those in distant places who refused to believe the news. Is our own reluctance any better founded?

Nevertheless, a generation ago it seemed quite natural to be hopeful. At that time, it was not only believed that modern civilization *might* be indestructible but that it *must* be. By some inner necessity, it would go "onward and upward forever."

Then, suddenly, the world went wrong. There came to be a perversity and contradiction in the movement of events. What had looked like progress unveiled itself as hideous and menacing. Though the means to make life safer, happier and longer constantly increased, so did the means of causing death and misery. We were as capable of the one, apparently, as of the other. And so our optimism faltered; we were no longer sure. Perhaps civilization — even our own civilization — could die.

It was at this point that pessimists like Spengler found an audience. Some of the latter, interpreting their personal discomfiture at a world grown harsh as an indication of cosmic malice and perversity, rebelled against any world that did not suit their inclinations; they were not in the least unwilling to announce that Western civilization must die; its death was predestinate, decreed by fate. The hour of the actual cataclysm being still some distance away, it was even possible to view the prospect with a certain amount of excitement, so that pessimism, in some instances, acquired a mystical glow like the phosphorescence that goes with corruption and decay.

When, however, we ask what rational basis all this had, inquiring, for instance, *why* civilizations earlier than our own have perished, we find almost at once that there are reasons for supposing that civilizations can elect either to perish or survive. Most of those known to history will be found to have died because certain elements within them decayed, or because essential new elements required to meet new situations were not provided. It is difficult to be convinced that these civilizations died because they had reached some particular allotted span of life.

What is evident is that in each case the faith, the confidence, the good conscience, the courage, the body of convictions that could have ensured survival were too depleted, or not available.

As Toynbee would put it, there was an insufficient "response" to "stimulus." Spengler would say that the inner faith of the civilization had worn itself out. Pro-

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fessor Gilbert Murray would call it a "failure of nerve." Dean Inge characterized it as "resignation, the disease from which civilizations die." In each instance, however, it is not a requirement laid upon history by immutable natural law; it is something that is allowed to happen by default. By choosing differently, the people of a civilization could have changed the course of events.

This is true of ourselves. If we decide that our civilization is worth saving, that its faith is viable, its convictions sound; if we believe that it has a paramount claim upon the future, that its rights and liberties, its potential justice and its half-grown righteousness hold genuine promise; if we decide that rather than lose this promise we shall fight to the death, enduring whatever pains and losses war inflicts upon us, our civilization will survive. Its physical fabric, no matter what the measure of destruction, can be restored. The crucial question is spiritual, not physical; and it is a very simple question: are we spiritually attached to Western civilization; do we really want it to survive? This, however, is the question that neither Europe nor America has answered. We have been living too far below our opportunities, too much beneath the claims of conscience, to be sure that we deserve to survive. Unerringly, the Communists have played upon our weaknesses, exposed our evils, scoffed at our hypocrisies—all of which are real.

What must happen to us is a moral awakening that permits us to see clearly what our immediate and actual choices are, and which demands of us that we make our decisions boldly. The Communists believe that we shall be unable to do this. The confidence of the West, they think, is running dry. Its purposes are turning to confusion; its leadership is undermined by dissension; the faith of its people is close to despair. Communism may win, say the Communists, *without* war; but in any case, it will win *through* war, because Communists have a courage, a confidence, an expectation that can take them to the other side of war; they can win the world either way, and having won it, no matter what the ruin and destruction, can organize it and possess it.

It is this belief to which we must give the lie. Unless we do, we shall either surrender without war, or lose the war if it comes. If, however, we recover our confidence and establish a bolder policy to replace our present frightened, uninspired and uninspiring aims, it may be *we* who shall win without war. Western civilization, no matter what its evils, still holds the brightest hope humanity has known. If this hope is blotted out, there is nothing before us but darkness. Let us then invoke once more our ancient faith in liberty and justice, revive our claim upon the future, lay hold upon events and shape them to our purpose. Let us say that it matters enormously who wins and who loses. With war or without it, let us decide to win.

HAROLD L. ICKES: *Every Man a President*

THE LATE HUEY LONG made it his mission in life to proclaim the doctrine of "Every Man a King." He might have gone one better and made his slogan: "Every Man a President." And since women, as well as men, vote in the United States, it would have been better for him to have proposed: "Every Man and Woman a President." Better still, he might have started a crusade to make "Every Man or Woman a President or Secretary of State."

Although we lack a Huey Long in this generation, a number of men have started out to exercise the functions of the President, especially in the field of foreign relations. One of the first so to venture is Harold E. Stassen, the miniscule president of the University of Pennsylvania, upon which long-suffering institution, it is rumored, Mr. Stassen was imposed as the result of a political deal with the since discredited Grundy Machine. His motive is clear—he is still suffering from the incurable disease of "presidentitis." After advocating dropping the atom bomb on Korea, Mr. Stassen hastened to Japan to share a bit of MacArthur's limelight. Since then, Mr. Stassen, at whose expense is not known, has been touring the Far East. With Stassen it has been, as with McCarthy, anything to keep his name in the headlines.

Next after the peripatetic Stassen, the one to indulge in sound and fury was a Democrat, Joseph P. Kennedy, who played his customary role of a defeatist. Mr. Kennedy imbibed defeatism direct from Neville Chamberlain, during whose incumbency as Prime Minister of Great Britain Kennedy served as American Ambassador. Anyone who had knowledge of Kennedy's international views could have anticipated his speech, word for word and sob for sob. The burden of Mr. Kennedy's *miserere* was that the United States is going hell-bent for self-destruction. Kennedy would have us reverse ourselves, break faith with our allies, leave Western Europe to the mercy of the Kremlin and sneak back to our own shores, tail between legs like a whipped cur.

The next "leader" voluntarily to formulate interna-

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tional policy for us was, of course, Thomas E. Dewey. Undaunted by the fact that the people had twice rejected him as their President, he has decided for us that we ought to build up an army of one hundred divisions, each division twice the size of its Russian counterpart. How to equip and train such a mighty host Mr. Dewey did not say.

In addition to a Stassen, a Kennedy and a Dewey policy, we also have had gratuitously presented to us a Lodge policy, a Taft policy, a Knowland policy, a Capehart policy, a McCarran policy, a Styles Bridges policy, a Dulles policy and others too numerous to mention. Doubtless, McCarthy, if he has not already done so, is even now hard at work composing a policy to substitute for all other policies.

The latest to offer his services as President is that customary "Johnny-Come-Lately," that "ex-est" of all possible ex-Presidents, Herbert Hoover. As the chief mourner at his one-man obsequies for the Republic, Mr. Hoover performed in a big, if characteristic, way. He, like Kennedy, wants the United States to run out on all of its commitments in Europe. According to him the only way to defeat Russia is to run away from Russia. This rear-view mirror statesman would surrender all of Western Europe to Russia. Apparently, his theory is to glut the appetite of the Kremlin with the result that it will suffer from the pain in the stomach that today afflicts some of our statesmen and will permit us to cower, pusillanimous and inglorious, as the "Gibraltar" of the Western Hemisphere. His idea of fighting for democracy is to abandon the democracies of France, Italy, Scandinavia and the Low Countries to the insatiable Communist beast of the Kremlin. Mr. Hoover, if he had his way, would outdo Chamberlain, who was only willing to serve up to Hitler on a highly-decorated platter such tidbits as Czechoslovakia.

I do not know anyone who is less qualified to advise the United States with respect to international affairs than Mr. Hoover. I have taken occasion to read "On Active Service in Peace and War" by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy. In two notable chapters, appropriately entitled "The Beginnings of Disaster" and "The Far Eastern Crisis," followed by a third, "The Tragedy of Timidity," Mr. Stimson relates how desperately he did what he could to check the brutal and unwarranted invasion of Manchuria by the Japanese. Stimson, as Secretary of State, warned Hoover what would happen unless Japan were brought sharply to book, but Hoover declined to listen. The result was that, in coping with Japan, Stimson was armed with "spears of straw and swords of ice."

I do not think that it is inappropriate, in view of the record, to suggest that Mr. Hoover is about the last man to be taken seriously by the American people on international relations. His advice to abandon Western Europe to its fate follows naturally from his decision to abandon Manchuria to Japan and is still more disastrous. The Manchurian affair started Japan on the long road to Pearl Harbor. The Hoover policy with respect to Western Europe would offer a short road for the conquest of all Europe by Russia. Asia may be lost, at least temporarily, to Communism, thanks to the MacArthur misadventure in Korea, but we can still save civilization. We can save it by going to the defense of Western Europe as we have promised to do. Mr. Hoover is a little late in insisting that he be allowed to dictate a new and alien policy with respect to commitments signed by the US. He would be held in higher esteem and respect if he should desist from his untimely and badly-conceived advice, the only effect of which is to confound and confuse, not only the people of the United States, but the nations to which we have given the right to look to us for succor in our common peril.

There is something ironic in the fact that Hoover's is the reckless hand that now hurls a brick at the fragile facade of American foreign policy. It was President Truman who threw wide open the doors of the White House to this Presidential DP. It was President Truman who, by generously making Mr. Hoover chairman of a Commission on Executive Re-organization, gave him a chance to rehabilitate himself in the public opinion that he had forfeited by his unfortunate administration of American domestic and foreign affairs during his Presidential term. Mr. Hoover was justified in giving the President advice on executive re-organization because he was asked for it. To intrude with unasked and mischievous advice at one of the most critical moments in American history is an ungrateful and reckless act. It does not matter whether the advice is honest and well meant or not. No one in his senses would rush into an operating room where the surgeon was trying to repair the tattered tissues of a patient *in extremis* and protest that the surgery ought to be on some other part of the body.

If this be bipartisan formulation and support of American foreign policy, then we have had all of it that we can stand. Even a little more might kill the patient. After all, President Truman is charged by the Constitution with responsibility for the conduct of our foreign affairs. The people selected him in 1948 to perform this duty. He should take full responsibility for so doing. In any event, his will be the credit or the blame for the result. He should disregard Babelic advice, especially when it is timid, inglorious and forsworn.

HAROLD L. ICKES

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

"A WONDERFUL CONSIMILITY OF PHANSEY"

by James R. Newman

THIS HANDSOME, admirably edited selection offers 134 of the 426 brief lives of seventeenth-century personages written by the English antiquary, John Aubrey. His own life spanned three-quarters of the century. He was born when the English Renaissance was at its height; he died the year of the Peace of Ryswick, during the reign of William III; he lived through the Great Rebellion, the Protectorship, the Restoration, the age of Newton, Locke, Hobbes, Boyle, Milton, Halley, Harvey, Hooke. From his father, a country gentleman, Aubrey inherited large estates which he succeeded in losing. Of assured social station, well educated, generous, gay, friendly, there was scarcely an eminent contemporary wit, ninny, philosopher, courtesan, theologian, rogue, philosopher, scientist, soldier, politician or mountebank whom Aubrey did not know. He had a passion for collecting facts, anecdotes and old wives' tales about celebrities; whatever he saw or heard that fed this appetite went into his notes. He was "magotie-headed," disorderly, credulous, inaccurate and incapable of completing any work he undertook. He was also perspicuous, and unsurpassed in his ability to re-create the atmosphere of his vanished century, to light up brilliantly with a few sharp phrases the character, habit and appearance of its leading men and women.

AUBREY'S BRIEF LIVES. Edited by Oliver Lawson Dick (Secker and Warburg, distributed by the British Book Centre, Inc.; $5).

The paradox of Aubrey's brief lives—they vary in length from two words to 26,000—is the frequent inaccuracy of the detail yet the wonderful truthfulness of the whole. Aubrey reported indiscriminately what he had heard and vividly what he had seen; he was honest (which must sometimes have been difficult, since the times were uncertain and dangerous, and sometimes painful because he was kind); most important, he illuminated each sketch with shafts of insight marking his quality as a stylist, his unerring skill as an observer.

Giving examples of his art is irresistible. The Lord Bishop Winton "had not that smooth way of Oratory, as now. . . . [Not like Bishop A, who] was learned but . . . did play with his Text, as a Jack-an-apes does, who takes up a thing and tosses and playes with it, and then he takes up another, and playes a little with it. Here's a pretty thing, and there's a pretty thing!" Lord Bacon has long been an inexplicable figure; the "wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," as Pope described him: but neither in Pope, nor in Macaulay, nor in modern biographies is one led to any true understanding of what sort of man it was who ruined himself at the peak of his career, when Lord Chancellor, by selling judicial favors. The clues are to be found in Aubrey. The Aviary built by his Lordship "did cost 300 pounds"; "when his Lordship was at his country-house at Gorhambery, St. Albans seemed as if the Court were there, so Nobly did He live"; "none of his servants durst appeare before him without Spanish leather bootes; for he would smelle the neates leather which offended him"; "three of his Lordship's servants kept their Coaches and some kept Race-horses. . . . He had a delicate, lively, hazel Eie; Dr. Harvey told me it was like the Eie of a viper."

Between John Fletcher and Francis Beaumont there was "a wonderful consimility of phansey"; "they lived together on the Banke side, not far from the Play-house, both batchelors; lay together; had one Wench in the house between them, which they did so admire; the same cloathes and cloake, Etc.; betweene them. . . . Mr. Beaumont's maine Businesse was to lop the overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's luxuriant Fancy and flowing Witt." Sir John Suckling "played at Cards rarely well, and did use to practise by himselfe a-bed"; invented the game of "Cribbidge," was the "greatest gallant of his time"; had a red nose ("ill-liver"); and "being come to the bottome of his Found . . . tooke poyson, which killed him miserably without vomiting." Edmund Spenser was "a little man, wore short haire, little band and little cuffs." When Edward Davenant was a young Oxford scholar, "he could not endure to heare of the New (Cartesian) Philosophy: 'For, say'd he, if a new Philosophy is brought-in, a new Divinity will shortly follow; and he was right'." Descartes "was so eminently learned that all learned men made visits to him, and many of them would desire him to shew them his Instruments (in those dayes mathematicall learning lay much in the knowledge of Instruments, and, as Sir Henry Savile sayd, in doeing of tricks) he would drawe out a little Drawer under his Table, and shew them a paire of Compasses with one of the Legges broken; and then, for his Ruler, he used a sheet of paper folded double." Thomas May, poet and historian, when he was young, "was as other young men of this Towne are, *scil.* he was debaucht ad *omnia*: but doe not by any meanes take notice of it; for we have all been young. . . . Came of his death after drinking with his chin tyed with his cap (being fatt); suffocated." It is to Aubrey's life of Harvey we owe preservation of the latter's famous comment on Bacon ("whom he esteemed much for his witt and style, but would not allow him to be a great Philosopher"): "'He writes Philosophy like a Lord Chancellor,' speaking in derision. . . ." Sir Jonas Moore, mathematician, had sciatica: "he cured it by boyling his Buttock."

From his childhood Aubrey had known Thomas Hobbes; first he had been his pupil, later his friend. This

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life is one of the very best. Hobbes was precocious, "playsome enough" but with a "contemplative Melancholinesse. . . . He did not care much for Logick, yet he learned it, and thought himself a good Disputant." He repented having spent two years "reading romances and playes . . . wherein perhaps he was mistaken too. For it might furnish him with copie of words. . . . He was 40 yeares old before he looked on Geometry; which happened accidentally. Being in a Gentleman's library Euclid's Elements lay open. . . ." He become so much "in love with Geometry . . . he was wont [as he said] to draw lines on his thigh and on the sheetes, abed, and also multiply and divide." When he wrote *Leviathan* (thus for years becoming "unhinged from the Mathematiques"), "he walked much and contemplated, and he had in the head of his Staffe a pen and inke-horne, carried always a Note-book in his pocket, and as soon as a notion darted, he presently entered it into his Booke, or els he should perhaps have lost it. . . . He wrote and published the Leviathan far from the intention either of disadvantage to his Majestie, or to flatter Oliver. . . .

"In his youth he was unhealthy, of an ill complexion (yellowish): he tooke colds, being wett in his feet. . . . From forty, or better, he grew healthier and then he had a fresh, ruddy complexion. . . . In his old age he was very bald . . . the greatest trouble was to keepe-off the Flies from pitching on the baldness. He had two kinds of lookys: when he laugh't, was witty, and in a merry humour, one could scarce see his Eies; by and by, when he was serious and positive, he open'd his eies round (i.e. his eie-lids). Besides his dayly Walking, he did twice or thrice a yeare play at Tennis (at about 75 he did it) then went to bed there and was well rubbed. This he did believe would make him live two or three yeares the longer. . . . At night when he was abed, and the dores made fast, and was sure nobody heard him he sang aloud (not that he had a very good voice) but for his health's Sake. . . . He seemed . . . to dye [*aet.* 91] rather for want of the Fuell of Life (which was spent in him) and meer weaknesse and decay, than by the power of his disease. . . ."

There have been other editions of Aubrey, but Oliver Lawson Dick's is clearly the best. There is more than enough in his selection to satisfy the common reader and even the historian. Dick is neither restrained by prudery nor carried away by scholastic excesses. Aubrey's freshness and innocence are preserved; a heroic job has been done editorially in cleaning up his imperfect notes but the many mistakes of fact and the like have been uncorrected, which is proper. From Aubrey's writings Dick has pieced together an excellent autobiography of a hundred pages, adding much to the book.

MODEST CRUSADER

THEODORE WELD: CRUSADER FOR FREEDOM, by Benjamin P. Thomas (Rutgers University Press; $4.25).

ONLY NOW, a hundred years later, is the story of the effort to free the American Negro slaves beginning to be told in the critical detail it has long merited. Theodore Weld, who, with William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, was among the greatest of the Abolitionist leaders, had never been the subject of a full-length biography when Mr. Thomas, who is noted for his work on Lincoln, undertook this book. To write it he had to go to primary sources, for with the exception of the Weld-Grimké letters edited by G. H. Barnes in 1934, almost nothing on Weld has been preserved in book form.

Weld was unduly modest; he was a noted speaker but he preferred to address small-town audiences rather than appear in large cities, and he never permitted his speeches to be printed. Although he assembled the celebrated eyewitness accounts of life under slavery (*Slavery As It Is*, 1839), he did not allow his name to be printed on the title page and he seems deliberately to have sought out obscurity. He, more than anyone else, was responsible for spreading Abolitionism in New York, New Jersey and the Middle West, and the list of his disciples reads like a catalogue of the celebrated Abolitionist leaders of his day.

Mr. Thomas' biography is solidly based on fact. It will doubtless stand for a long time to come as the definitive life of Weld—if so short a book can be called definitive. Its briefness is its greatest fault, for Weld is a key figure in American history. To explain fully the part he played in freeing the slaves would require a long work which would have to clarify the tangled political history of his times, trace the growth of dissension inside the anti-slavery movement itself, attempt to explore the psychological meaning of the nineteenth-century urge for reform, and examine carefully the twisted motivations of Weld's own complex character. Mr. Thomas has been content merely to outline his theme. Within the limitations he set for himself he has done his work well. PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

Philip Van Doren Stern is the author of "The Man Who Killed Lincoln," "The Drums of Morning" and "The Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln."

HEROES AND MODERNS

TWO LEGENDS, by André Gide. Translated from the French by John Russell (Knopf; $3).

GIDE'S FASCINATION with ancient myths and his genius for putting them to new uses have never been more effectively demonstrated than in the two short works now collected (at Gide's suggestion) in one volume and admirably translated by John Russell. "Oedipus," a play written in 1930, is not simply a rendering of Sophocles but a quite new interpretation, in which Gide's preoccupation with man's ambition to make himself independent of God suggests a witty and provocative retelling of the old story in an idiom which is at once wholly modern and redolent of classical civilization. Russell's translation captures perfectly Gide's combination of colloquialism and dignity that helps to impose a sense of everyday activity on the grand mythological background.

The characters — Oedipus, Jocasta, Creon, Tiresias, Antigone, Ismene, and Oedipus' two sons Eteocles and Polynices—are more sharply defined than in the Greek plays, for Gide brings to bear on their presentation that modern sense of character which is the product of two centuries of the novel; they reveal themselves in racy and penetrating dialogue and with a sardonic humor that is a

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Gallic adaptation of the Sophoclean irony. There is nothing here of Shaw's rather facile interpretation of ancient characters in terms of contemporary notions and prejudices (as in Britannus of "Caesar and Cleopatra" or the English chaplain in "St. Joan"). And the temptation to let either Freudian psychology or mere anthropology take control is resisted as effectively; we never doubt that we are in the ancient world, nor, on the other hand, that this is Gide's version of it.

Much the same can be said about "Theseus," the second of these two legends, told this time not in dramatic terms but in the form of a narrative of his own life put into the mouth of Theseus himself. If less consistently lively than "Oedipus," this later work (written in the early 1940s) is more freighted with meaning and packs a whole view of man and his problems into a few pages. Making use not only of the classical story, with emphasis on the Minotaur incident, the abduction and abandonment of Ariadne, and the relation with Phaedra, but also of suggestions from Plutarch and Racine, Gide reveals Theseus as the humanist and man of action winning through after a life of heroic exploits (many of which have an unexpected tragic aftermath, which he characteristically shrugs off) to a sense of peace very different from the peace achieved in his old age by the blind Oedipus, with whom Gide adroitly brings him into conversation at the end.

The skill with which the story of Phaedra and Hippolytus—in both Euripides and Racine the dominant aspect of the Theseus story—is subordinated to the main theme is especially impressive. That main theme is the same as that of "Oedipus": the possibilities and limitations of human self-dependence. Oedipus at the end becomes a prototype of the Christian "suffering servant," the man who achieves through suffering divine aid in washing away his original sin, while Theseus, resting toward the lonely close of his life on his human achievement, remains the Promethean culture hero: "I have enjoyed the good things of the earth, and I am happy to think that after me, and thanks to me, men will recognize themselves as being happier, better, and more free." His last words of all are more cogent in the concise French: *"Pour le bien de l'humanité future, j'ai fait mon œuvre. J'ai vécu."* That is the most that man, as man, can ever hope to say.

DAVID DAICHES

David Daiches, author of "A Study of Literature for Readers and Critics," is professor of English and chairman of the Division of Literature at Cornell University.

BRIEF COMMENT

Behind the Flying Saucers, by Frank Scully (Henry Holt; $2.75).

Two things are behind the fantastic saucers: a public mood for jitters and, now, Frank Scully. In believe-it-or-not fashion he reviews all the available evidence for them, or rather the newspaper reports on them, and tries his best to believe them all. He also reports the opposition, especially the digest and analysis of saucer reports made by the Air Material Command of the Air Force, but with such scorn as only a professional comic can muster.

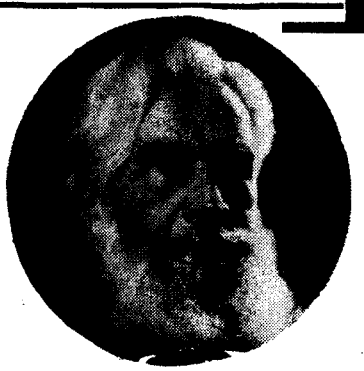
One keeps thinking that it's all an act and that in the end Scully will yank off his clown whiskers and take a bow. But his final pose is another embrace for his beloved Saucerians and another blast of defiance at the Pentagonians: "If the Air Force said there was such a thing as flying saucers, don't you believe them. If they said there is *no such thing* as flying saucers, *don't* believe them. If they said I didn't know what I was talking about, don't you believe them. In brief, *don't* believe them. Believe *me*."

So it's all a matter of faith, as it is with Velikovsky's *Worlds in Collision*, a book which Scully welcomes as an aid to jitters, if not to understanding. But faith alone is not enough. Scully admits that there are low hoaxers in the field and a "lunar fringe," such as the man who insists that the saucers are "chariots of fire that angels employed for space travel." No, what is required is a firm faith in a new science, not yet developed, of magnetism, which enables visitors from other planets (especially Venus) to move "from their magnetic field on magnetic lines of force into ours," creating "combustion power . . . by the crossing of magnetic lines of force."

Believe it or not—at your peril.

GERALD WENDT

HAVELOCK ELLIS PSYCHOLOGY of SEX



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THEATRE: From the Sublime to the Enjoyable

SINCE ANTA's production of "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" is no longer running, my purpose in discussing it is not that of a reviewer. The nature of the piece and the peculiar tone of its reception—ecstatic praise on the one hand and general indifference on the other—impel me to use the event as a springboard for certain objective considerations.

I understood no more than 50 percent of the Jeffers text. The reason for this was not the difficulty of the verse (one understands almost all of "The Lady's Not For Burning," even though its verse is not simple) nor was my perplexity a matter of the actors' faulty diction. But it is always easier to understand words spoken from the stage when the players know what they are talking about. This does not mean that the actors in "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" couldn't explain the literal sense of what they were saying or even expatiate on more abstruse aspects of the poem. It means that their understanding was *general,* not specifically intelligible to them as living action and direct personal emotion. The word in the theatre comes alive only as it expresses something active in the speaker's whole being. The dramatic word is the vocal sign of the actor's total impulse—palpable in every part of his body and every feature of his face.

Judith Anderson is an actress of immense physical power with an arresting voice of unusual emotional connotations, a strikingly equivocal mask and a complex, eruptive temperament. All this makes her a proper instrument for the projection of such tumultuous states of being as Jeffers' work suggests. But Miss Anderson's work needs *direction* (not merely staging) which will conduct her energies along lines that lead to a clear target of meaning. Without this her entire armament of attributes seems locked in a boiling cauldron that makes a terrific sound without ever forming an esthetically usable object. Her speech is precise, her voice ringing, her fire formidable—yet nothing is clear except that she is *something.*

"Something"—however impressively awful—is not tragic. One difference between the tragic and the melodramatic is that while the second need only produce an effect, the first must have an irresistible significance. Jeffers' poem—written in verse that makes a brazenly joyless music-like sound without echo, as if all feeling were buried deep in stone—is an expression of a desire to transcend the pain and violence of ordinary humanity so as to become one with the moral impassivity of nature's eyeless forces. So difficult a design may be carried out in the theatre even though Jeffers did not plan his poem for the stage. But to do so requires more time, thought, knowledge than can usually be commanded under the auspices of our theatrical system. We need not suppose that the problem is simply solved by posing questions about realism versus stylization. I have seen Japanese acting of a most horrifyingly anatomical naturalism that still had artistic shape, as I have seen Chinese acting all symbolic gesture and vocal artifice yet replete with an emotion of its own—just as there is a "realism" which has little life, truth or grace. Miss Anderson and her associates are misguided talents, and such productions as ANTA's "The Tower Beyond Tragedy" belong somewhere in the limbo of the theatre's well-intentioned but unsightly efforts.

"Bless You All" is a musical revue that suffers from the disparity between its rather intimate material (suitable to a Greenwich Village hangout for young "bohemians") and the lavish proportions of its production. It has admirable costumes by Miles White, chic sets by Oliver Smith, the charming comedienne Mary McCarty and the sizzling senuosity of Valerie Bettis, but it fails to be a satisfactory show.

Though its score is weak, its story (which might be called "Amphitryon 39") old, Cole Porter's "Out of This World" is a trim and sprightly affair. Credit for this is due to Lemuel Ayers' delightfully deluxe sets and costumes, Porter's fizzing lyrics, the general good looks and pleasantness of the cast and, above all, to the wittily prancing Charlotte Greenwood, who reminds me of a gamesome skyscraper on a tear.

Hecht and MacArthur's somewhat inebriate humors, resembling good-natured double-talk over a theatrical bar, make "Twentieth Century" (another ANTA production) an entertaining show. This raffishly sophisticated vaudeville, which was not a huge box-office success when it was produced in the early thirties because its extravagant fable is wholly in the spirit of the twenties, is made altogether cartoon-like by the out-and-out holiday spoofing of Gloria Swanson and José Ferrer. Swanson is a cute trick with an entrancingly stagey personality; Ferrer plays with a kind of hollow gusto, as if his mind were elsewhere, though his body is very actively present. The play runs downhill as the performance tends toward farcical monotony, but still, as the old theatre ads used to trumpet, there are *laffs galore!*

HAROLD CLURMAN

ON THE AIR

The Christmas Programs

THE TERM "religious broadcasting" has unpalatable connotations evoking funereal organ music and screeching choirs or tub-thumping, hallelujah-shouting fundamentalist preachers. These are on the air in full measure, but there are also religious groups that have learned how to use radio with dignity and showmanship. Outstanding in this category are the Protestant Radio Commission and the Jewish Theological Seminary, the one a clearinghouse and counselor to a wide variety of programs that dramatize Christian fellowship, the other responsible for NBC's "The Eternal Light," which has been among radio's extraordinarily effective dramatic programs for seven or eight years. Heading the Protestant group is Albert Crews, who applies an admirable professional-

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ism to the Radio Commission's work. On the Jewish side is Dr. Moshe Davis, a theologian who has made himself over into a radio producer of highest quality. Now I must add to this small list the name of the Reverend Patrick Peyton, formerly of Albany and now chiefly of Hollywood, a priest who disseminates Catholic doctrine under the catchy slogan, "The family that prays together stays together."

I first heard of Father Peyton some six or seven years ago when he got the idea that if he moved from Albany to Hollywood he might persuade some of the studio personalities that they ought to help him pitch his message over a network. It was doubtful—since others had tried and failed—that the priest from Albany could enlist enough of Hollywood's stars to sign up for a 13-week series, let alone a full year's run. There was also reason to believe that none of the national networks would be so foolhardy as to allocate time over any lengthy period for the kind of show outlined by Father Peyton. But the clergyman did go to Hollywood, and he did line up the talent; Mutual furnished time. The result was "Family Theatre," which has been on the air for about five years now.

"Family Theatre" has been distinguished more for its intentions than for its artistry. However, the religious motif is always clear, and if Father Peyton prefers to address an audience that demands no subtlety, he undoubtedly knows what he is doing. The fact is that at the level he has chosen, he has done very well indeed.

Now Father Peyton has gone in for television, and in that department has made a start for which he need apologize to no one. During the Christmas weekend a full-hour film which he had produced especially for video was shown by every one of the seven television stations in the New York metropolitan area as well as by many other outlets across the country. Such coverage for a single stack of reels is due in part to the prestige of the Catholic Church and in no small measure to Father Peyton's persuasive salesmanship. But beyond these factors lies his development as a showman. His program was entitled "The Joyful Hour." In every sense, it was a joy to behold.

The story was of Mary and Joseph and the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem. It was beautifully and simply produced and acted. The language succeeded in sounding both Biblical and natural; Ruth Hussey as Mary and Nelson Lee as Joseph were real people, as were all those who surrounded the featured players. The sets were neither elaborate nor other-worldly. In every department, including lighting and camera work, an expert economy prevailed.

Among the holiday television shows to which I should have liked to allot more space were Walt Disney's Christmas-afternoon "One Hour in Wonderland" and the Christmas Eve party for children of United Nations delegation and secretariat personnel. Both of these were on NBC-TV. The Disney production was sheer delight. The UN party was produced by Caroline Burke, whom NBC hired a couple of years ago to do educational TV and who has been shunted chiefly into commercial channels. This time she did a "public-service" program that proves that she should have been kept at the task for which she was imported from the Coast. With the help of Ben Grauer's always human touch and the singing of Juanita Hall, aided by a group of carolers, Miss Burke successfully bridged the chasm that seems these days to separate the UN from the wish for peace on earth.

Despite the weight of vulgar evidence to the contrary, television can be used for purposes other than slapstick. There are a dozen university television faculties capable of putting on the air programs with the mature, sensitive artistry of Father Peyton's hour, the skillful professionalism of Caroline Burke's program, the utter charm of the Disney show. I'm not advocating the removal of the noisy, tasteless antics of Milton Berle, who yacked up NBC's air for an hour between Peyton and Disney. I don't think he can harm my eight-year-old son—irretrievably. I'm willing to take the chance as long as he is sandwiched between artists. SAUL CARSON

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